of timber which screened the enemy's scattered forces. They advanced a short distance, unlimbered, fired a few discharges, limbered up again, and galloped back—probably to make us believe that the enemy, although repulsed, was still on the ground in fighting trim* (I do not remember having seen this fact stated in any of the histories of the battle of Gettysburg, but I observed it with my own eyes, and the impression is still vivid in my memory.)

Soon darkness and deep silence fell upon the battlefield. Officers and men, utterly exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the past three days, just dropped down on the ground. In a moment my people around me were soundly asleep among the shattered gravestones. About two o'clock in the morning I was suddenly aroused by a sharp but short rattle of musketry, the sound coming clearly from the plain on the north side of the town. It lasted only a few seconds—then complete stillness again. What could it mean? Only that the enemy was withdrawing his pickets, and some of our outposts sent a-volley after them. This was my own opinion, and that of my officers. The next minute we < were fast asleep again, and woke up only when daylight was upon us. Early in the morning I sent a detachment of my second brigade, under my chief of staff, Lieutenant'Colonel Otto, into the town to reconnoiter. They took prisoners over 250 rebel stragglers, who remained behind

while the enemy had during the night quietly evacuated Gettysburg. I at once rode in with some staff-officers and orderlies to satisfy myself whether there were any wounded men left in the houses or on the fields beyond, where my 'troops had been engaged on4he first day of the battle. Then I enjoyed a most delightful surprise.

Of all the losses we had suffered in the first day's bloody battle, that of my old friend Schimmelfennig went nearest to